

NOISY CROWD ON BROADWAY

SMALL REGARD FOR BINGHAM'S RULE ABOUT "TICKLERS."

Mob Sweeps Up and Down With Little Respect for Any One's Feelings—New Year's Eve. In Addition to the Old-Fashioned Lamplack Tricks.

There seemed absolutely no reason why the kind faced old party you saw very late last year in the Cafe Martin should be blowing a striped fish horn until you remembered that it was the New Year. Why certainly! Of course! Hoory! Bless us! Bless us all, said Little Tim, who sat entirely surrounded by a large party of O'Brien at the Knickerbocker.

If any doubt remained as to this New Year matter all you had to do was to observe the fat gentleman from Montclair whom you had heard at exactly 11:30, 12—31—'08, solemnly vow to leave, for-sake, forswear, abjure, resign, discontinue, cast off, repudiate and otherwise quit the stuff that steals away the brains grasp a glass of champagne firmly by the stem and hurl the merry water into himself at exactly 12:01, 1—1—'09, laughing lightly the while.

There was no place for the timid frazzle or the timorous frazzlette, that strait between Martin's and Churchill's. It rumbled and clattered, rattled and rattled, dashed and dashed with criminal audacity, shorter and uglier things and maledictions of little wealth. Good humored? You had to be good humored to swallow the irritation that possessed you when somebody conspired against the sight of your two eyes with a handful of gritty confetti or dashed a feathered, tickling tortoise into your mouth, or assaulted your eardrums with a terrible blast from a fish horn. There was a day, maybe, when the celebration of New Year's Eve in this town was not so far as Broadway was concerned, an occasion for un-lamplacked rowdiness; but last night!

You had to be a prizefighter, a policeman or a pretty woman to make your way against the currents that drove and strove up and down the street. At the cross roads even this distinction would have been fruitless. There were the whirlpools at Madison Square, Herald Square and Long Acre Square where the swirling tides crossed and cast human spray up against the walls of the buildings. Women were in no better case than men. Along came chain gangs of howling youths who smashed through whatever stood in front or a phalanx of blaring boys who swept a path in front of them. If you didn't scurry off to one side, dodging the feet of the traffic cop's nervous horse, down you went.

It started many hours before young Mr. Nineteen Nine lit on the spire of Trinity, took a scared peek around and lit off for Chicago, where he had a date at 11 o'clock. The folks who were heading toward reward had to struggle through a twisting mass of celebrators who were as noisy as hotel bathys and speculators rolled together. Every kind of transportation line that touches Manhattan started to work overtime as soon as everybody who wanted to make an evening of it had started to climb outside of dinner. There were thousands of persons in this town no doubt who went to bed some time Thursday night without caring whether today happened to be the 1st of January or the 1st of April; there were plenty more who stayed up at home until after the twelve strokes of the clock, but enough grabbed their hats and their girls and their pocketbooks and beat it out to make it the howlingest New Year's eve that has been seen and heard of around these parts for quite a few years.

Gen. Bingham at 300 Mulberry street said something the other day about the iniquity of ticklers, the wickedness of confetti and the all round cussedness of fish horns when applied to the human ear for overlong periods, and issued orders that the crowds must be made to behave or they would get into trouble. He said it very seriously. Evidently the policemen went out and forgot the General's orders—forgot them promptly and satisfactorily for everybody concerned except the public.

You couldn't walk half a block down Broadway without stumbling over a bagful of confetti, which the purveyor, one who made facetious remarks about the looks of the passers by, replenished from time to time with handfuls of assorted dirt from the sidewalk. The mixture furnished a delightful means of expressing one's delight in the New Year. All you had to do was to slam a fistful into the face of the first woman you saw, laugh gaily and then give her a shove if she objected. And the ticklers! The best way to equip yourself with a tickler, which you could dip neatly into a sack of perfectly good lamplack or bottle of fish paste, was to look up a policeman—any one would do, and dig up a dime to buy the little toy from the taker who belloyed by his side. Then you were perfectly at liberty to slip up and down and across and dab the little thing into the face of the first girl you saw. If her countenance was grumpy and said you were not, why you punched him in the nose. If he showed fight you called your gander.

There were lesser devices which evolved extraordinary clamor at a twist of the finger or the slightest jerk of the wrist. Did you use the device? Well, you nabbed a lot of good sport if you didn't grab a cherry pan right at the start. The invention consisted of an iron sphere about the size of a walnut, which was colored like a cherry, which was fixed by a movable spring to the back of a skillet. Before and out of commission and ear-tormenting jollibabbling and the tickler, neither and the archaic fish horn silenced.

The best way to amuse yourself with a cherry pan was to start at full speed, by swinging the device vigorously and right hand, and lam it into the nose of the first good looking girl you saw. But these were the innocent sports of the streets, the light recreations of those who lacked the price or, having it, refused to be separated from it. For five bones, these iron men—in plain English, dollars—could sit down in any of the best known restaurants and watch the simple agent at his play. Really, if you didn't make that reservation, though, you might as well hurry rapidly down Fifth avenue and burst in upon numerous Princesses and Countesses and Baronesses that were wishing several Princes and Counts and Barons the happiest kind of a New Year, while tinkling bells sounded and subdued notes.

Increasing your speed you footloosed the actor in a heartbeat the joy bells rang out while fifty or it may have been two hundred—little bellhops, sweetly carried songs composed by Wiam C. Macdonald, the manager agent of the house. Grabbing your souvenir tickler by the throat you trotted across Fifth Acre and butted into the knickerbocker, cleaving a passage through scores of polite children employed as bellhops

ISADORA DUNCAN GIVES IT UP

AMERICAN DANCER WILL DISBAND HER EUROPEAN SCHOOL.

Not Without Honor in Her Own Country, but Without Funds to Teach the Twenty Little Girls—Grateful for Her Final Successes in America.

Isadora Duncan sailed yesterday on the Lorraine to dance in Paris with the Lamoureux Orchestra at the Trocadero in January. Before leaving she signed a contract with Walter Damrosch to return to this country next winter and dance with the New York Symphony Orchestra for five months. It was the contract that compelled Miss Duncan to return to Europe now, as under its conditions she was not allowed to dance elsewhere in this country until next year.

"I am very much gratified at the success I have had in my country," Miss Duncan told THE SUN reporter yesterday, "but I have not accomplished the thing for which I came here. I am going home now to disband the school of dancing that I had hoped to make my life work. It is out of the question for me to struggle any longer under the load of supporting it. Every cent that I have earned here this winter has been sent back to Europe for the support of the twenty little girls that form the school. It is too much of an undertaking for any woman to assume."

"My principal object, in reality, in coming out here was to interest Americans in the support of the school. The petty persecution of the Prussian police made it impossible to continue any longer in the Grunewald, the suburb of Berlin in which it was first founded. Not a day passed but some helmeted gendarme put his face in at the door with some imperious inquiry. After we went to France I had the villa which we had bought empty on my hands. Now Engelbert Humperdinck, the composer, has rented that. The Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt has given us the ground outside of Darmstadt to use for a site. That is all very generous, but it is no longer under the thousand marks to put up the house, and nobody has yet come forward with the offer of a cent."

"The use of a pavilion in a villa near Paris was given to me for the school and the children were to get the dairy produce of a beautiful farm on this place. That was another beautiful thing that I had, but it turned out that the children were lodged in a damp barracks that it was almost impossible to heat; so I paid almost as much to get out of it as I had cost to pay for the entire support of the school before they were moved to the chateau."

"I have tried in every possible way to interest Americans in my efforts to make the art of dancing beautiful and dignified, but I have failed; so it will be the most unpleasant thing I ever did in my life. I am going back to Paris and disband the school that I have kept up for my own efforts."

Miss Duncan's experiences during her stay here include a wide variety of public appreciation. She danced at the Criterion Theatre first in August, and although she had no money, she had a great success. She ended her contract with Mr. Frohman after a short trip on the road. The reverses of this experience have been met when at her fourth matinee in the Metropolitan Opera House the receipts exceeded \$4,000. She danced in Boston several times and was very successful. "When I came back here in August," she said yesterday, "I decided that my country people were not interested in me. I had come about ten years before to wait for them to take an interest in me. I concluded that I had better go back to Europe and wait for them to take an interest in me. I had never seen me dance at the time of my first visit, and I had never seen me dance at the time of my first visit. I had never seen me dance at the time of my first visit, and I had never seen me dance at the time of my first visit."

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METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

Richard Martin's First Essay at Radames in Verdi's Popular "Aida."

Verdi's "Aida" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last night and afforded an excellent evening's entertainment for those who wished to sit up to see the New Year in. It had certain elements of appropriateness, for at least the stalwart blowers of Egyptian trumpets on the stage offered a suggestion of the tin horn delights of the streets. There was nothing in the performance to demand especial consideration beyond the first appearance of young Richard Martin as Radames. It was his first essay at the rôle and he acquitted himself with credit.

He made a false entrance in the temple scene when his back was turned to the conductor, but slips of this sort are often made by singers in rôles with which they are familiar, and they signify nothing. Mr. Martin continues to show progress in the realm of vocal emotion, and he is acquiring confidence in himself. He is one of the most promising young tenors now before the public, and stage experience will do much for him.

The other members of the cast were the same as heretofore with the exception of the *Amonasso*, who was Fritz Feinholz, the Munich baritone. It was this singer's first appearance here in an Italian rôle. Although his voice and style seemed a little heavy for the rôle, he sang the music with much dramatic sincerity and invested the rôle with a fine dignity. On the whole it was a good performance and was ably directed by Mr. Toscanini.

"FORTY WORTHLESS CAPTAINS."

Bingham Says So, Casting Melancholy Eye About for Somebody to Replace.

There are forty worthless captains in the Police Department, according to Commissioner Bingham, who was asked yesterday whom he intended to promote to inspectorships to fill the two vacancies that have existed for several months.

"It has been a custom in the past to make New Year's gifts in the shape of promotions," he said, "but this New Year there'll be no presents. I've got about forty worthless captains, and it seems to me that I can't get two good inspectors out of the lot. You must remember that it takes a mighty good man to be an inspector. How about the other captains? Oh, never mind. I've got forty worthless ones. Because forty are worthless it doesn't necessarily follow that the others aren't all right. That's all."

Capt. Patrick J. Tracy of the Jamaica station, who was acquitted in the trial room of unlawfully accepting money from a gambler, was promoted to the rank of inspector yesterday and assigned to command the Flushing Avenue station. Patrolman James J. Mannix of the Amity street station, Brooklyn, who was sentenced to Sing Sing a few days ago for the necessity of settling disputes between two men, was promoted to the rank of inspector and assigned to command the Flushing Avenue station.

PEACE TAFT'S FIRST DESIRE.

New Year's Wish Is for Friendship Throughout the World.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Dec. 31.—*Le Matin* of Paris called President-elect Taft for a New Year's sentiment to be printed in the *Matin* on New Year's morning suggested by the following question: "What is your wish for the new year regarding the situation at home and abroad?"

Mr. Taft sent the following message: "My most earnest wish is for the preservation of the peace of the world and the friendship of all nations. Let us hope that with the completion of the year 1908 the century of settling disputes between nations by brute force will be found even more remote than it is now."

"At home we all of course look forward to the coming of the new year with happiness and prosperity we now enjoy."

Spader Dinner Guest Run Down.

Miss Mary Hammond of Remsen street, Brooklyn, after dining last evening at the home of Willard B. Spader of Marshall Spader & Co. at 19 West Fifty-second street, was knocked down while crossing Fifth avenue by a carriage in which Mr. and Mrs. Leo Frank of 19 West Fifty-second street were seated. The carriage was stopped and Miss Hammond was taken to the house of Dr. C. D. B. at 19 West Fifty-second street and later taken to the Spader home. She was bruised about the head and body, but the injuries are not regarded as serious.

Bear Eye, Famous Hobo, Dead.

SULLY, Ind., Dec. 31.—Bear Eye, the best known hobo of the Northwest, whose real name was Turman Hobbs, died in the woods near this city late last night surrounded by twenty hobsos, of whom he was the leader.

It was just after midnight that he placed in a grave dug by his friends, over which a short service was conducted and the simple tale of his life was given by a friend.

FOUGHT ON SEA AND LAND

JOLLY ROGERS, CARSON RANGERS, PESKY MOHICANS.

Beer Bottles Were Both Arrows and Minie Balls—As It All Took Place in East Side Street Please Excuse Police for What the Blotter Says.

"The mind is its own place," mused Capt. Lantry yesterday as fourteen prisoners—male—white—unm—schoolboys—age 10-15—were unloaded from the patrol wagon at the East Fifty-first street station and dropped into cells for gang fighting. "But if I can so modify the poet, while the mind may be its own place, I do find these children wouldn't localize the Land of Make Believe in my precinct. As far as I personally am concerned they are making for me what may or may not be a hell, but which certainly is not heaven. Cummings, phone the Gerry society."

"According to the blotter fourteen boys had been arrested at Second avenue and Forty-sixth street charged with breach of the peace, disorderly conduct, malicious mischief, using vile and abusive language and causing a crowd to collect to say nothing of attempted felonious assault in throwing bottles and stones, thereby hurting business and jeopardizing skulls. Something of the kind may have been going on at Second avenue and Forty-sixth street, but when the police made their arrests they had broken in upon a battle the like of which had not been seen or sung of in the Land of Make-Believe since the Achillean combats of the Trojan plain."

In that fight there was more than mastery; there were principles at stake. The Jolly Rogers in Forty-third street, the Carson Rangers of the Plain on Forty-fourth and the Last of the Mohicans on Forty-fifth. Second avenue and Forty-sixth street for one reason or another has been selected by all three as the Happy Hunting Grounds, the Spanish Main and the Desert Trail. Now obviously even in the Land of Make-Believe one cannot have the same spot a stately galleon laden with ingots of Peru and sandalwood and Aztec slaves and cochineal, ploughing the Ladrones along the car tracks with a massacre of pale-faces going on to port and a prairie schooner tolling over the alkali plains to starboard. Such things can't happen anywhere save in the Land of Nod, and very seldom there. Accordingly there had to be a merger of imagination somewhere, and that could only be settled through trial by combat. This much was perfectly plain to any one who overtook Froisart's Chronicles or Sir Thomas Malory out of the public library.

Ever since public school closed a week or so ago and vacation days gave the Jolly Rogers and the Carson Rangers and the Last of the Mohicans plenty of time to settle the question, they daily have been thrashing out each other's anachronisms most manfully with beer bottles and paving stones. But the trouble was that the Jolly Rogers and the Carson Rangers and the Last of the Mohicans were not only armed with beer bottles and paving stones, but they were also armed with the principles of the Jolly Rogers, the Carson Rangers and the Last of the Mohicans. Accordingly there had to be a merger of imagination somewhere, and that could only be settled through trial by combat. This much was perfectly plain to any one who overtook Froisart's Chronicles or Sir Thomas Malory out of the public library.

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ART SALES AND EXHIBITIONS. ART SALES AND EXHIBITIONS.

This "New Year's Day"

FREE VIEW



Absolute Public Sale, Jan'y 7 and 8

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The first volume of the "Chronique," or journal of the Duchesse de Dino, describing Talleyrand's embassy in London, is now being published by the Princess Radziwill. The complete work will comprise several volumes and is calculated to strike terror into many families who care for their ancestors. The "indications" of the diary, which Madame de Dino intended for publication, are frankly stated and show no traces of the coyness of the past. While Talleyrand occupied the embassy in London the Duchesse de Dino was in the room where the Devonshire diamonds had been stolen and my daughter in that of the ghost. She is also able to explain how Lord Grey kept a ghost at Howick and another in his occasional London home.

Mr. Justin McCarthy's new novel, to be published in the new year, will be called "Julian Revelations."

L. Frank Baum, the inventor of the Woodman, the Scarecrow and other friendly and whimsical characters of the "Wizard of Oz," argues pleasantly in his new American Fairy Book that fairies may be assumed to exist because it has never been proved that they don't. He contents that there is no reason why they should not inhabit the hills and dales of America as well as the bogs and the forests of Germany.

Readers and lovers of books are specially interested in the choice of books which should be reviewed in the first number of the new *English Review*, of which so much has been expected. The two books were by M. Anatole France and Mr. Swinburne, their respective works being "L'ile des Pingouins" and "The Age of Shakespeare." The critics selected to discuss these books are Schelling for the French book and Joseph Conrad for the English work. Conrad enjoys the distinction of being a double contributor to the *Review*, for in this first number begins "Some Reminiscences," the intimate narrative of a literary experience which admirers of Mr. Conrad will enjoy reading.

The original manuscript of Cyrano de Bergerac's "Voyage à la Lune" has been discovered in the Bibliothèque Royale at Madrid. From the manuscript found at Epinal in 1838, now in the Paris Bibliothèque Nationale, it had been assumed that the romance was written in 1649 and 1650. The Munich manuscript shows it to date from 1641-43.

"Rhodes of the Knights" is the work of Baron de Beland, French Consul at Dover, who for some years served in a similar capacity in Rhodes. Although numerous works have appeared on the fortifications and palaces built by the Knights of St. John during their stay in the island. The author was allowed to wander freely through the miles of fortifications, which stand as they did when abandoned in 1523.

Rene Bazin's new novel which will be published here soon is entitled "This, My Son." It is the story of the life of a Breton farmer and his sons and daughters and presents the struggle of the old and the new, the young generation and the passing generation, of the country against the city, rather than as in the former novels of the French writer, the controversy between Church and State.

Lovers of William de Morgan's books will rejoice to know that a new book by this author is ready for the printer. It will be brought out in the Spring. The title of the new story is "Blind Jim."

Another biography of Thackeray is being prepared by Lewis Melville, who published a life of the novelist about ten years ago. That book is now out of print. Fresh material is available to-day and Mr. Melville believes that he can improve upon his first attempt.

"Benzai," by "Parabellum," will be brought out in translation in this country on January 15. The story created so much interest in Germany and on the Continent that upward of 300,000 copies have been called for in less than a year. "Benzai" is a story which presents an account of a great war between America and Japan to take place in 1909. The book is written by a German official of

high rank long a resident in this country and it describes conditions in our army and navy which are at once amazing and significant.

Brand Whitlock, Mayor of Toledo and literary executor of "Sam Jones," has written a life of Abraham Lincoln which will be brought out early in January. Mr. Whitlock, although too young to have any personal knowledge of Lincoln, has been for a long time a close student of his life and character and has a remarkable collection of Lincolniana.

Thomas Dixon's new novel, "Comrades," which will come out the middle of January, has socialism for its main theme. The scene of the story is laid in California. The hero is a young athletic son of a multimillionaire who goes to a meeting of Socialists merely as an evening's amusement and is so impressed with what he hears that he becomes a "comrade."

"Bartholomew de Las Casas, His Life, His Anecdotes and His Writings," by Francis Augustus MacNutt, comes out early in January. It is a comprehensive biography of the famous sixteenth century historian of early Spanish America, the devoted missionary and the defender of the Indians who fared so badly at the hands of their Christian conquerors.

From the convent to the office of a New York newspaper is a decided change, and this together with eight voyages to Europe with much wandering in out of the way European places, as well as in the large cities, has furnished Elizabeth Jordan with much interesting material for her stories. Her first book, it will be remembered, was "Tales of a City Room"—a book of newspaper stories suggested by her own experience. This is followed by "Tales of a Cloister," which was founded upon the memories of her own life in the Western convent where she was educated. "Many Kingdoms," her latest book, takes in a wider range and is made up of psychological studies and dramatic episodes of everyday life.

William Dana Orcutt is to be numbered among the authors who will present new views on the history of the world. He is the author of several works, including "The Flower of Destiny," and he has distinction apart from his literary achievements. His latest work, "The History of the World," is a comprehensive history of the world and is based on the study of all his known works.

An important art publication to be issued during the first week of the New Year is "Vincenzo Foppa di Brescia, Founder of the Lombard School; His Life and Works." The authors, Constantine Jovelin Foulkes and Mr. Rodolfo Maierich, D. D., have based their work upon records in the archives of Milan, Brescia, Rome and Geneva, and on the study of all his known works.

JOSEPH P. McHUGH & CO. Can Now Make Deliveries of THE HANDWROUGHT WILLOW. The Day the Order Comes.

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